The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887. NUMBER 42.

THE MAIDEN IN THE FRAME.

Right above the rocking chair
Hangs the portrait of a maid,
Who had sunny, golden hair,
And a manner somewhat staid.
In the picture she's arrayed,
Not in print or calico,
But in silk inclined to fade—
She who lived so long ago.

Dorothy was sweet and fair,
By her name that is conveyed
To my mind, for I declare,
By a name I'm somewhat swayed.
When the day was done she played
On the spinet, soft and low,
Some old song or serenade—
She who lived so long ago.

You may be inclined to stare,
And to doubt it, I'm afraid,
When I say the maid up there,
With soft eyes and silken braid,
Long beneath the flowers has laid:
My own grandmamma, you know,
Who was quite a belle, they said—
She who lived so long ago.

ENVOI.

Grandpapa, I'm sure, displayed,
Great good taste in wooing her, though,
And his love she quite repaid—
She who lived so long ago.
—*Henry Talcott Mills, in Boston Globe.*

WAR-TIME MAKESHIFTS.

Some of the Expedients for Supplying Nature's Wants.

Getting Food and Clothing, During the War, in Southern States—How Necessity, the Mother of Invention, Plied Her Wits.

One of the most curious features of the late war in the South was the variety of expedients to which the people resorted to supply those wants which became pressing. Not until communication with "the North" had been cut off did the people recognize the fact, and fully realize it, that the South had been actually dependent upon the Northern manufacturer for hundreds of articles in daily use. Factories were few, and these in the main made only the commoner kinds of tobacco and cotton cloths. Every article found in a store in 1861 was sure to be of Northern manufacture, and with that always higher appreciation of other people's handiwork or talents, was held in higher esteem than any thing home-made. Each Christmas, in those days, shoes were given the negroes. A common question was "Who made dem shoes?" "Dey wasn't made," would be the reply; "dey come outen de store." By the close of 1861 home-made goods came into use, mainly from pure necessity. The latter being the mother of invention, it speedily followed that in North Carolina inventors and clever inventions became quickly numerous and varied. Salt, shoes, clothing and hats were prime necessities. The demand for salt was very great. There were two sorces of supply—the sea and the salt works in Virginia. But these could do little toward supplying the demand at first, though later the output was larger. A sack of salt, which at first sold for two dollars, rose to thirty dollars in gold, and even then it was a privilege to obtain it. Many families in the interior made salt from the earth in their smokehouses. This earth had gathered, in the course of years, much salt from the meats which were smoked in such houses in those days. It was dug up and leached in a rude ash hopper, just as ashes are leached for lye. A brine, with more or less strength, was obtained. This was concentrated by boiling and then allowed to crystalize. It was not the best article in the world, but it was undeniably salt, which was the one thing needful. The Government later took charge of the salt works and employed specially trained men in large numbers in the manufacture of that necessity. The price was regulated by military rules, and it became more abundant and of far better quality.

For clothing, homespun was the only wear. In those days rude spinning-wheels and hand-looms of antique pattern were common. Those who had relinquished the use of these, or who had used them only in the manufacture of servants' clothing, speedily found it necessary to use them themselves. Others were made, with some improvements in design, and there was an eager search for dyeing material. These were as a rule vegetable. Indigo, barks of various kinds, etc., were largely used. The country weaver who made a good article of brown jeans, with cotton warp and wool "filling," was in great demand. Many of the wealthiest and most cultured women made and wore the coarsest of home-spun cloths. For underwear rough factory cotton or cotton made on the hand looms was the best thing to be obtained.

It was said by very old people that time had been turned back three-quarters of a century, and that people in the main resorted to as primitive methods of living and preparing clothing, etc., as were use in the days of the revolution of 1776. Leather was in great demand, and since "there is nothing like leather," it was found that it admitted of no substitute. Many farmers had tan-troughs made out of large logs or of planks, and large enough to hold a dozen hides. In these they rudely tanned with oak bark the skins of their own and their neighbors' cattle for upper leather. The sole leather, as a rule, was made at the regular tanneries. So very urgent and constant was the demand for shoes that frequently the hides were not allowed to remain in the troughs long enough to become tanned thoroughly, but had to be taken out and used while partly raw. They were utilized while of a brown or russet color, and were not black. Attempts at polishing such leather were infrequent. The demand for sole leather overtaxed the capacity of the tanneries, and the farm-houses were ransacked for any articles in which leather was used. Old trunks were cut up, and particularly the ample skirts, then in use, of saddles. If the owner of such a saddle did not speedily utilize its heavy flaps for his own use some one else would steal them. Shoeless men could not resist the temptation of such a saddle, and instances were frequent where the owner, having left his horse saddled and tied to a post, returned to find his saddle innocent of skirts. Such thefts occurred even outside of churches. The flap of the saddle went out of use, and the rawhide saddle without it came in use universally. Sole leather became so scarce and high that the people resorted to wood as a substitute for the soles of shoes. These "wooden bottoms," as they were called, consisted of a sole and heel all in a solid piece. It was cut out of maple or gum wood as a rule, sometimes with a knife, again by rude machinery. Later such wood bottoms were sold by a number of expert makers, who kept on hand various sizes of men's wear. Farm hands wore them largely. From the middle the sole turned up toward the toe, so that the foot in walking would have a rolling motion forward, which was necessary, as the rigid sole could not bend. Into a groove cut around the upper edge of the wooden bottom the upper leather was secured by means of wooden pegs or iron tacks, when the latter could be had. It was found that the wood bottom made a dry, warm shoe, and after a little practice one was worn without special inconvenience. The heel and sole were always protected by narrow strips of iron around the edges to prevent rapid wear. The shoes made a great deal of noise when used in the house or on hard ground, and on nights when there was a stillness in the air and the ground was frozen hard, the footsteps of brisk walkers thus shod were easily heard at a distance of half a mile. Old men had difficulty in getting accustomed to this rude and new footgear, and one venerable man declared that he wished the "plagued things had never been agitated." In snow walking with these shoes was difficult, as the snow "balled" as it does in a horse's hoof.

Kerosene oil had not been in use a great while when the war began, but had yet practically displaced the candle. The lack of oil rendered the lamps useless, and the tallow candle became supreme. In the matter of light, as in other things, there were inventions. One of these was a taper, which was made by drawing a thick wick of loosely twisted cotton through a pan of melted beeswax and rosin. This operation was repeated until the wick, which was generally twenty to fifty yards in length, was the size of a pencil and looked like a rope of yellow wax. While it was yet warm, this wick was wound on a bottle or a corncob often in fantastic shapes. One end turned up, was lighted, and the taper was placed upon the table at supper time, or for a reading light. Such a taper burned slowly, but yet had to be watched and turned up. From time to time the burning end was unwound and pulled up. Sometimes there was carelessness and the entire taper caught on fire from the wick. Another device for light was a saucer or platter of melted lard, in which floated a ball from the sycamore or cotton wood tree. These balls, which were dry and absorbent and quite inflammable, burned readily, acting as a wick and keeping the lard melted. One ball gave fully as much light as an ordinary kerosene lamp. The tallow dip, the wax taper and the candle each had their advocates. Other people, who desired a more powerful illumination, returned to an even more primitive custom and use pine knots, which in the fire-place made a glare which made a room all ablaze with light.

People, in the country, particularly, were put to great straits for writing paper and envelopes. All old letters were resurrected, and all extra sheets of paper removed therefrom. Old letters written on one side of the paper were again brought out, and the other side used. Old books were cut up, and the paper taken for this purpose. Envelopes were cut out of any kind of paper by the use of a sharp knife and a wooden pattern. Cherry tree or peach tree gum furnished the mucilage, being dissolved in vinegar. These envelopes were often made by children, and sold at from three dollars to six dollars per pack in Confederate or State currency. Many letters were mailed in the old style of a century since, without envelopes. Goose quills furnished pens, as of yore, and buzzard and turkey quills were also used. Polkberries, elderberries and the galls of the red oak tree furnished ink, coperas being used in the solution. Sharpened bars of lead were used as pencils, while for slate pencils old slates were cut up into narrow strips and rounded with a knife. Occasionally a partially cindered bone of a chicken was used as a slate pencil, but proved rather too soft. As for school books, any kind were used, many of them being half a century old. Occasionally in the country schools no two books could be found alike.

Coffee was treasured, but after a time the supply gave out and "store coffee" became with not a few a mere memory. Only through the blockade runners could coffee be obtained, and of course the great mass of people had to go without it. The same remark applies to tea. As a substitute for coffee, rye, wheat or okra was roasted, ground and boiled in a coffee-pot or kettle, or sweet potatoes raw were sliced and roasted, then chopped fine and ground. Bran and bread crusts were also used, and not a few used the seeds of the persimmon and dried apples. As a substitute for sugar, sorghum or cane sirup was the sole reliance.

An odd thing during the war was the "drawing of cotton yarn." The factories could not supply everybody, so it was found best to let people, women especially, draw lots, and the one who drew a ticket with a number had the privilege of going to the factory when yarn was spun, of presenting the card and the proper amount of money and taking away the much-desired five-pound bundle of cotton yarn. Many thousands of people picked cotton by hand, carded it with hand cards into rolls, then spun it into yarn on old-fashioned spinning wheels. The blockade runners always brought over thousands of cotton cards, which were sold at cost to the women. Through all this inventive genius was shown during the war, yet when the struggle was ended the people abandoned the makeshifts and returned to "store goods." A canefield is now a great curiosity, the noise of the mill is no longer heard, and the loom and the spinning wheel are mere curiosities, save in the most out-of-the-way neighborhoods.—*Fred A. Olds, in Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

A GIFT FROM GEORGE I.

The Unique Parchment Deed for an Estate in the Mohawk Valley.

Stephen Wormuth, of Fultonville, is the possessor of one of the oldest documents in New York State, in the shape of the original "Kennedy Patent," a grant of land from King George, comprising "Seven hundred and seventy-five acres, besides the usual allowance of highways." The manuscript is dated April 18, 1727, more than a hundred and sixty years ago, and is still in a good state of preservation, though the writing is somewhat faded. The patent was issued on the recommendation of "William Burnet, Esq., our trusty and well-beloved Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of our said Province of New York," on a petition signed by William Burnet, Jr., Robert Livingston, Jr., Della and David Provoost, Archibald Kennedy, Esq., Helen Santford and Catharine Van Wyck. This petition sets forth that on April 29, 1725, in a church with the native Indians, they purchased of the latter the tract of land alluded to—"on the south side of the Mohawk river, situate, lying and being in the county of Albany, and beginning at a certain oylnut (walnut) tree on the south bank of said Mohawk river and on the west bank of a brook called Wasentha." The terms stipulated in the grant are that the parties "shall pay yearly and each year, forever, on the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, commonly called Lady Day, the yearly rental of two shillings and sixpence for each one hundred acres of lands," and it is further stipulated that at least three of every fifty acres shall be cultivated and planted each year. All trees twenty-four inches in diameter, twelve inches above the ground, are reserved "to be used for masts in our royal navy."

The document is 26x28 inches in size, written on parchment. The chirography is very peculiar, the letters being small, cramped and irregular; and, to a careless observer, the whole might be taken for a Zulu war map or a fisherman's chart. The most unique feature is the wax seal, which is four and a half inches in diameter. This is securely fastened by strips of parchment similar to that on which the grant is written.—*Fonda (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. World.*

Clothing for Monkeys.

I have always had a curiosity to discover where the organ grinders' monkeys get their outfits. The other day my craving was gratified. In a Broom street basement I discovered a pretty girl trimming a monkey's coat. The hats and caps which complete the costume of the melodious ape were only present to the extent of a boxful. There is not a very heavy demand for these costumes, says the pretty girl, and their manufacture is only part of that of cheap dolls' clothing and queer rag rabbits, cloth cats and other articles of vertu such as are sold by street venders. You can dress a monkey decently for half a dollar and provide him with a uniform cut to order, warranted to fit and splendid enough for an opera bouffe field marshal, for $1.50, cash down. The credit system, without which dudedom would be in a bad way, does not prevail at this class of monkeys' tailors.—*Cor. New York News.*

A French Miser's Wealth.

Pere Denizot, an old French miser, died recently in Paris. He lived by himself in an old house, 10 Rue de Brosses, in the Quartier des Archives. He was the laughing stock of the neighborhood, as he wandered around in rags, driving hard bargains with butchers for dog meat and scraps. Apoplexy carried him off finally. An inspector of police, while making up his report of the death in the old man's room, accidently knocked over a table, from the drawer of which fell several rolls of gold. The officer hunted through the wretched place, and found gold and silver amounting to 100,000 francs and securieties to the value of nearly 900,000 francs. As Pere Denizot is supposed to have no heirs, all this money goes to the State.—*N. Y. Sun.*

POISONOUS COLORS.

Some of the Dangerous Egg Substitutes Used by City Bakeries.

The American Society for the Prevention of Adulteration of Food is distributing the following circular among Philadelphia bakers and confectioners: You are hereby notified that the enumerated colors herein are poisonous, and if you persist in the use of any of them after the receipt of this notice, you will be prosecuted to the full extent of the present law:

Common Name.	Chemical Name.
COMMON AND POISONOUS COLORS.	
King's Yellow	Sulphide of Arsenic.
Cadmium yellow	Sulphide of cadmium.
Turner's yellow	Oxychloride of lead.
Turpeth mineral	Basic sulphate of mercury.
Chrome yellow	Chromate of lead.
Chrome zinc	Chromate of zinc.
Citron yellow	Chromate of barium. / Chromate of strontia.
Naples yellow	Oxides of lead and of antimony.
Yellow ocher	Clay and hydrated ferric oxide.
Mosaic gold	Sulphide of tin.
RED.	
Minium	Oxide of lead.
Vermillion	Sulphide of mercury.
Purple red	Basic chromate of mercury.
Iodine scarlet	Mercuric iodide.
Realgar	Sulphide of arsenic.
Red ocher / Colothar	Ferric oxide.
GREEN.	
Chromo green	Chromic oxide.
Cobalt green (Rimmam)	Oxides of Cobalt and of zinc.
Mountain green	Malachite green.
Scheele's green	Arsenite of copper.
Verdigris	Basic acetate of copper.
Emerald green	Acetate of arsenite of copper.
BLUE.	
Ultra marine	Silicate of alumina and soda with sulphide of sodium.
Mountain blue	Malachite blue.
Smalts	Silicate of cobalt and potassium.
Antwerp blue / Insoluble Pruss'n blue	Ferric ferro-cyanide.
Soluble Prussian blue	Ferro potassio ferro-cyanide.
Indigo	
BROWN.	
Manganese brown	Binoxide of manganese.
Vandyke brown	Ferric oxide.
Burned sienna / Burned umber	Clay colored with oxide of iron and manganese.
ORANGE.	
Chromo orange	Basic chromate of lead.

Mr. Amerling says he knows positively that nearly every color on the above list is being used by bakers and confectioners. Among the startling discoveries made recently, and they are all backed by affidavits of the bakers and candy-makers, who came voluntarily to the office and confessed, is that one of the largest drug-houses in the city sold chromo yellow to a baker, knowing the business of the purchaser, even advised its use as a substitute for eggs. This baker says that he went to the drug-house and asked for a substitute for eggs, and that a salesman, afterward identified by both Mr. Amerling and the baker, advised chromo yellow, and did not say any thing of its poison-one character or as to the quantity to be used. A member of the firm was present when the powder was bought. Two affidavits support this charge. This same drug-house also sells large supplies to breweries, all of which are adulterations. Glucose is the principal supply, and this, Mr. Amerling said, is the safest of the many drugs bought.

There is a loaf of bread in the office of the society that has been recently analyzed. The inside of the loaf is of an orange yellow, and the outside is of a greenish rusty color. This, Mr. Amerling said, is the result of adulterated flour and poisonous yeast. The flour is made in Minnesota, and the adulterant, which is known as "stone flour," comes from the limestone country about Lancaster, in this State. It is added to the flour to give it weight. Condensed milk is also adulterated, large quantities of salycic acid being found by recent analyses. Soda water sirups, fruit jellies and preserved goods are also found adulterated.

In every case of noodles, and there were twenty-six samples bought, adulteration was found. Some are not yet analyzed, but the chemists are sure there is chrome yellow in the dough.—*Philadelphia Press.*

JEFF DAVIS' ADVISERS.

But Three of the Entire Number Now in the Land of the Living.

The death of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who was a member of the Confederate Cabinet, leaves but three of the entire number still surviving. There were fourteen in all who held Cabinet positions under Mr. Davis during the existence of the Confederate Government. There survive Congressman Reagin, who was Postmaster-General of the Confederacy from first to last; Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, who was Attorney-General for a short time, and George E. Davis, of North Carolina, who also filled that position for a few months. Mr. Reagan lives at Palestine, Tex., and has been a member of the House for many years, and is now elected to the Senate. Mr. Watts lives at Montgomery, Ala., is a very active man, still engaged in the practice of law. Mr. Davis, of North Carolina, still lives in Washington, practicing law. It seems a little curious that of the fourteen that served with Jeff Davis eleven should have died before him. Perhaps he may outlive all of them, for he seems to be active, both physically and mentally, if we are to judge from the frequency with which he is heard from on the current topics of the day. He is now in his eightieth year, having been born June 3, 1808. The eleven deceased members of the Confederate Cabinet are: Benjamin, Bragg, Breckinridge, Hunter, Mallory, Memminger, Randolph, Sedden, Toombs, Trenholm and Walker. Reagan is the only member of the original Cabinet left. Toombs, the first Secretary of State; Memminger, the first Secretary of the Treasury; Mallory, the first Secretary of the Navy, and Walker, the first Secretary of War, having all passed away.—*N. O. Item.*

STOMACH TINKERING.

The Disposition of Man to Take Liberties With a Patient Friend.

"There is nothing on which a man experiments oftener than his stomach," said a New York gentleman who is old enough to have dyspepsia and young enough to hope to be cured. "A man will tinker with his stomach when he wouldn't think of interfering with his clerk or book-keeper in his store. Yet he has been in business all his life, and probably could take the place of his book-keeper to-morrow. The book-keeper has his work to do, and so long as he does it well his employer doesn't come around with a new system or a new style of books every week or two and have the book-keeper switched off. That's not the way to do business; but the very man who wouldn't potter around with his employes goes experimenting on himself when he doesn't know what, if any thing, is the matter with him.

"There's a thing I read a few weeks ago that a man should drink a few pints of hydrant water immediately on getting up in the morning. Now let me give you a list of the things that a man should take into his stomach the first thing every morning. I've authority for all these; some have been told me by friends, the majority I have seen in the papers, which have recently done a good deal in this good for the stomach in the morning line:

A pinch of salt in ice water.
A teaspoonful of salt in water as hot as you can take it.
A cold lemonade very sweet.
Hot lemon juice with salt.
Eat a lemon without drinking any thing
Strong coffee.
Tea and toast.
The juice of three oranges.
A raw egg.
Figs.
Beef tea.
Immediately on getting up take a hard cracker and devote five minutes to masticating it thoroughly.
Take a tepid bath and absorb water through the pores of your skin. This will make you active and limber all day.
Exercise till you are in a sweat. Then drink water that has been boiled, thus making sure of the death of any germs.

"That is only a start on the list. There is a fascination in it to me. I want to try each one of those directions and see what effect it has on me. Every week or so I see a new one, and I experiment with that. There must be something good in them for somebody, but what I want to know is why have they such a fascination for most men? Why must a man always be tinkering with his stomach? There are hundreds of patent medicines, and the proprietors of all of them are growing rich. It has gone so far that patent medicines are advertised to counteract the effect of injurious and impure drugs taken under the guise of tonics. Next there will be new patent medicines to counteract the effects of these. All these medicines have a big sale. There seems to be an instinct in a man's stomach, like a child's desire for every new toy, that makes him want to give his stomach an experience with every new medicine he hears of, or advice kind friends and newspapers give him.

"It sometimes seems to me that the mortal spirit of mankind that formerly had an outlet in cracking some one's head with a battle-axe or jabbing lances at each other on holidays now vents itself in making a battle ground of a man's stomach. One friend says:

"'Old fellow, you're not looking well. Dyspepsia again? Well, I know just the thing for it. Take a pint of boiling water every morning. Brace you up. Make you feel like a new man.'

"Next friend comes along, says same thing, only cold water. Another man says some patent mineral water. Try them all. My stomach is the most precious thing about me. If it is out of order, I'm no good. When it's in fine trim I'm chipper. If I were going to invest ten cents in a scheme I'd want to know what it was and what return I'd get before I'd put my money in. Still, I try any number of experiments on my stomach, and scores of other men that I know do the same thing. Isn't a man's stomach more precious than his money? I wonder what weakness of human nature it is that makes him more careful of the wrong one. Is it curiosity or a hankering after something new?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Season's Favorite.

There is one thing very noticeable at all the resorts this summer, too, and that is the red-headed girls are immensely popular all round. That must be because they are so agreeable. A red-headed girl is sure to be jolly, just as a homely girl is sure to be bright. There is no nonsense either about a red-headed girl. She is full of courage and strength. Many of the pluckiest and most daring swimmers here have hair of the cardinal hue. There were so many of the girls in bathing this morning that the surf reminded one of strawberry water ice. Afterwards the girls stood out on the beach wringing the sea water out of their long, thick tresses. When a half-dozen of them got in a row, with their shining hair flowing out behind them, you might have fancied, if you had a good imagination, that there was a new sun-set at eleven o'clock in the morning, and one, too, that might put the old sun-set to the blush.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Why does a young man wear a single barrel, center fire eye-glass, my son? Well, because that kind of a young man never understands more than half he sees, and by shutting off one-half the spectacle he manages to keep about half way up with the show. Does thee savy? Well, keep on a-savyin', and if you must wear a minocle, keep both eyes wide open and wear your minocle over your mouth and you'll know more and look prettier.—*Burdette*

MARK TWAIN'S DOCTOR.

Gibson, the Original of the Medical Man in "Innocents Abroad."

Dr. William M. Gibson, who died in Jamestown, Pa., not long ago, was the original of "The Doctor" in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, formerly of Strandsburg, Pa., now of Chicago, who was a member of the excursion party, has been widely credited with being the original of the character.

"I had it from the lips of Mark Twain himself," says a prominent resident of this city, "that Dr. Gibson was the 'doctor' of the story. I was editing the *Times* at Sharon, Mercer County, at that time. It was ten years ago. Mark Twain came to that place to lecture, and he and I became very well acquainted. Some time afterward he returned to Sharon and spent several days with me. I gave a dinner in his honor, and invited a number of prominent citizens to meet him. Supposing, as a matter of course, that the two fellow-voyagers would be pleased to see one another and recount incidents of their trip, I invited Dr. Gibson also, his residence being but a few miles from Sharon. I told Twain that I had invited the doctor, expecting to be rewarded with great approval from the great humorist. On the contrary, he didn't look a bit glad, and shaking his head, said in that mirth-provoking drawl of his:

"'Well, that's all right, I suppose, but I don't know how Gibson and I will get along together. We don't speak.'

"That was a set-back for me, and the only hope I had was that Dr. Gibson would be moved by the delicacy of the situation, and stay away. But he didn't. He came as big as life. He didn't speak to Twain, and Twain didn't speak to him. The consequence was that what I had counted on to be one of the most delightful and enjoyable of occasions, and one long to be remembered with pleasure by my fellow-citizens and myself, was stupid beyond description. The doctor's presence cast a damper on the whole proceeding, although he was a companionable and desirable person to have in any gathering. Mark Twain made no speech and said nothing funny. Two or three of my friends tried to throw a little spirit into the occasion by neat speeches and happy allusions, but it was of no use. The dinner was a failure, and we arose from the table—at least I did—feeling as if the party had been a funeral and that we were the chief mourners.

"Twain afterward told me what the trouble was between him and the doctor. As it is related in the 'Innocents Abroad,' on one occasion during the trip a committee was appointed to present an address to the Czar of Russia. Mark Twain wrote the address and gave it to the committee to copy. The committee tore it all to pieces with changes of their own. Subsequently the doctor went to Twain and made a modest suggestion.

"'Let me take that address of yours,' he said, 'and I'll copy it off. I'll sign my name to it and you sign yours, and we'll ignore the committee and present it ourselves.

"The disinterested proposition was not accepted by the humorist, and when he wrote the book he gave the doctor away by relating the incident. That made Gibson angry, and he never got over it."

The death of Dr. Gibson brings to mind the fact that the original of Sir Oracle in "Innocents Abroad" was then and still is a resident of Harrisburg, in the person of the Hon. Jacob S. Holden. He was Minister to Sweden, under President Buchanan.

Dr. Gibson left a fortune of $4,000,000. He had just erected a monument to himself at a cost of $100,000.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Cor. Boston Herald.*

A Deserted Village.

The best example of a deserted village at present known on the Pacific coast is Houston, Idaho. Three years ago it contained over five hundred inhabitants; now there are, all told, nine persons in the place. The town has a fresh and bright look. There is a handsome hotel on the main street; a big smelter is seen; there is a large brewery, and all along the principal street stand neat stores, with fresh looking signs; but the people are gone, and all is silent. A newspaper outfit was collapsed before a paper was issued, and the owners of the material seem to have never since had money enough to pay the freight out. The town sprung up on the strength of a big copper prospect; the copper "petered," and the people skedaddled, many of them leaving behind furniture and all else except clothing and some light and valuable goods.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

—The New York *Mail and Express* states that Thomas K. Cruse, who about ten years ago, was house surgeon of Bellevue hospital, is to-day an inmate of the insane pavilion of that institution from the excessive use of opium. He is between thirty-five and forty years of age, and his case is considered incurable. The doctor's wife is also in the hospital from the same cause, but her brain is not yet so seriously affected that her recovery is considered hopeless.

—The other day Mr. Walsham, the borough surveyor of Peterborough, England, having been rendered languid by the hot weather, yawned to such a degree that he actually dislocated his jaw.

PITH AND POINT.

—A genius for hard work is the best kind of genius.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

—The tramps never stop at Bath, Me., the name makes them shudder.

—Our enemies are our outward consciences.—*Shakspeare.*

—An old writer states that young women are like peaches, the nearer they are ripe the more they blush.

—He that will make a good use of any part of his life, must allow a large portion of it to recreation.—*Locke.*

—The cheapest way to get rid of cockroaches is to move out of the house. This enables you to get rid of the landlord at the same time.

—All the waves of the ocean do not create by the seashore as great a sensation as a pretty woman can by a single wave of her handkerchief.

—"He makes faces and busts," says somebody to the Judge, speaking of an artist. Having seen some of the faces, we should think he would.—*Judge.*

—"It is not the big hog that pays," remarks the *Mirror and Farmer.* This is very true. The big hog always makes the other other fellows pay.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Wife—"Bridget is absolute by worthless; she tries me from morning until night. I've a great mind to let her go." Husband—"How much do we owe her?" Wife—"Only two months' wages." Husband—"Oh, well, we had better keep her."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A man who can not get angry is like a stream that can not overflow, that is always turbid. Sometimes indignation is as good as a thunderstorm in summer, clearing and cooling the air.—*Beecher.*

—A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits. "Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me already."—*French Fun.*

—"If I couldn't have a house with more than two rooms in it," said a bright lady, as she was examining some architect's plans, "those two should be a bath-room and a piazza." And then, no doubt, she would want three closets in each room.

—It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.—*The Farmer and Manufacturer.*

—It is announced that a new paving-stone called quartzite granite has been found in Dakota. It is supposed somebody has struck a batch of doughnuts baked by a young lady graduate of a cooking school, and dumped over the back fence by her mother.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A West side man bought a box of prime cigars, last evening, and on being asked what it was that he had so nicely wrapped in the package under his arm, naively replied that it was a bundle of tickets to a course of lectures by his wife.—*Chicago Sunday National.*

—"Build a little fence of trust around to-day," says an advisory poet. Very good advice it is too, no doubt, but what if a fellow has got all the stores in his neighborhood in such a condition that he has to go so far away that his pound of steak spoils before he can get it home for breakfast?—*Somerville Journal.*

His Dodge Failed.

Thursday morning a doctor rang the bell at a Sioux Falls house and to the woman who responded said:

"Madam, your husband said you had sustained some serious injuries this morning and sent me up to see you."

"Well, you can just go right back again," replied the woman, vigorously, beginning to get red in the face, "I'm all right and you can't come in this house! Just because I fell down the back steps this morning with a pail of water that he ought 'o be en carrying and sprained my ankle a little, he needn't think he can smooth it over by sending a doctor up and acting so terribly thoughtful all at once! You just go on, and if you want to come snooping around here at any time, just come about noon when he gets home and my ankle feels a little better than it did this morning, and if he doesn't need your services himself then I lose my guess."—*Dakota Bell.*"

They've Got Him on the List.

When ladies make calls they should always leave their children at home, particularly if the children are addicted to precocity.

A wealthy capitalist and his wife recently moved to Austin, and among the first to call on the new-comers was Mrs. Judge Peterby, accompanied by her little daughter Mamie.

After some conversation the wife of the wealthy capitalist remarked:

"I have frequently read your husband's name in the papers."

"Yes," said Mamie, boastfully, "you can find pa's name in the Austin papers every time land is sold for taxes. They've got him on the list."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Large shipments of shovels are being made from Pittsburgh, Pa., to South America, to a very large and growing extent supplanting the clumsy English goods which have heretofore been supplied to the markets there.

—The whole length of mail routes in operation in the United States amounts to 375,000 miles.